

Nelly's Hill

H that dwelleth
Sacred Aria
9th SALM
By M. JEFFERS.
MUS. BAC.
Price 50¢

TORONTO
CANADA
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
LIMITED
158 YONGE STREET.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
60,339
EDWARD JOHNSON
MUSIC LIBRARY

HE THAT DWELLETH.

91st Psalm.

Aria for Soprano or Tenor.



T. C. JEFFERS.

Mus. Bac.

Andante. $\text{♩} = 72$.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 


Largamente.  *Andante soave.* 

He that dwell-eth in the

secret place of the Most High, Shall a - bide in the shad-ow of the Al-might - y



He shall cov-er thee with His pin-ions, and un - der His wings



Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year MDCCCXCVII by WHALEY, ROYCE & CO at the Department of Agriculture.
W. R. & CO 533-4

U. S. Copyright MDCCCXCVII by Whaley, Royce & Co

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

60,339

EDWARD JOHNSON
MUSIC LIBRARY

3

rit.
shalt thou trust, *a la recit.*
f più Allegro e marcato

Thou shalt not be a -

più Allegro e agitato
f marcato

rit.
frail for the ter-ror by night *mf* poco più lento *a tempo*

Nor for the ar-row that fli-eth by

rit.
day — Nor for the pest-i-lence, that walk-eth in darkness, *mf a tempo*

Nor for the de-

rit. *mf a tempo*

struction, that wast-eth at noonday,

Vigorouso.
rit. *ff* *p* *f* *p* *f*

Grandioso e più lento.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and

f *brillante*

marcato

ten - thousand by thy right hand A thousand shall fall, but it shall not come

f *brillante*

dim. - e - rit. - pp *Tempo I.* *p*

nigh thee, it shall not come nigh thee, it shall not come nigh thee, He that

dim. - e - rit. - pp *p*

dwellleth in the secret place of the Most High, Shall a - hide in the shad - ow of the Al-

might - y, He shall cover thee with His pin - ions, and un - der His

wings shalt thou trust, Un - der His wings shalt thou

rit. *pp* *pp meno mosso e calmato*

trust, Un - der His wings shalt thou

trust.

pp *rit.*

LATEST BARITONE or BASS SONGS.

Price 50¢ each.

Moderato. "ONE PANG OF SORROW" BIANCO.

One pang of sor-row rends my throbbing heart, When mem'ry turns to that clear night in June, Hope's brightest star lit

"SURRENDERED" BIANCO.

I scorn the flash of the flaming sword, No terror hath death for me, And tremble not I at the foe-man's word Nor

"MY HEART'S ABLAZE" BIANCO.

My heart's a-blaze with loves sincere s - motion, When thoughts of thee rush wild-ly through my brain, Thou art my queen, the

Allegretto. "SADDLE MY HORSE" BIANCO.

Saddle my horse, buckle my spurs, Hang at my side my broad-sword, Fearless am I of bullets that fly, Or thrusts from an

Allegretto. "HARBORED?" BIANCO.

In a fishermans dwell-ing far far a - way Dwells the sail-ers Lass day by day

Marziale. "THE MONSTER OF THE DEEP" BIANCO.

Down deep down at the bottom of the angry sea, I've ruled for a-ges past with unda-pated sway, The monster of the deep am

Toronto.

Published by WHALEY, ROYCE & CO 158 Yonge Street.

Canada.